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Howard

A grand solemn dirge

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DEDICATED TO THE GLORIOUS SIXTY-FIVE,  
A

# Grand Solemn Dirge,

IN THE

High Burlesque Tragi-comic Taste,

Performed at the F U N E R A L

O F

*OLD ENGLISH LIBERTY,*

On the SAME DAY as

The Definitive Treaty of Peace

WAS SIGNED BETWIXT

*France, Spain, and Great-Britain.*

---

By H. HOWARD.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for the AUTHOR, and Sold by J. WILLIAMS, opposite *St. Dunstan's*  
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A  
GRAND SOLEMN DIRGE,  
IN THE  
High Burlesque Tragi-comic Taste.

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FIRST RECITATIVE.

*By Mr. Bawldon, To the Bladder and String.*



ENCEFORTH no *English* Brow shall smile,  
She's gone! --- The Darling of our Isle!  
Struck to the Heart;  
With Grief and Smart;  
Woe! Woe!  
Ah! Oh!  
Weep, wail!  
Cry, rail!  
Rave, swear,  
Stamp, stare!  
Nothing remains, but black Despair!



## A I R.

*By Mr. Black-Beard, the Black-Smith, To the Anvil and Hammer.*

*(Tune, By the Side of a great Kitchen Fire.)*

When the Tax on the Porter was laid,  
 I thought they had something in View  
 Some Scheme on our Strength and our Trade,  
 For since I've had nothing to do;  
 Each Night I could call for my Quart,  
 For *Thrums* have a Tankard of Porter,  
 But the *Halfpenny* breaks my poor Heart,  
 And the Beer is no better than Water.

## D U E T T A.

*By Miss Rent and Miss Shriller, (Two Milk Girls)*

*To the Rattling of their Pails.*

*(Tune, The Attic Fire.)*

Come all ye brave that fought and bled,  
 Your darling Liberty is dead,  
 By cruel Hands she fell;  
 The lovely Fair, alas! no more  
 Shall smile on poor *Britannia's* Shore;---  
 O Grief too great to tell!



## R E C I T A T I V E.

*By Mr. Wals-p, Stinger and Singer, To the Drone of a Bagpipe.*

Pox take 'em, for their damn'd Ill-nature,  
I'll *sting* 'em home, with *stinging* Satire.

A I R. (*Accompanied with the Tongs and Fire-Shovel.*)

(Tune, *Britons, strike home.*)

*Britons*, sneak home,  
Sneak home,  
Sneak home,

Your Liberty's gone,  
Hark! Hark to her Knell!  
Hark! Hark to her Knell!  
Ding, Dong, Bell.

*Da Capo.*

## D U E T T A.

*By Messrs. Savage and Mad-Ox, Butchers, To the Marrow-bones and  
Cleavers.*

(Tune, *As I was a driving my Waggon one Day.*)

The Devil take all their damn'd scheming, I say,  
They've murder'd poor Liberty --- Rot 'em, I pray;  
They *butcher'd* her vilely, and *mangled* her fore,  
And made themselves drunk with the poor Creature's Gore.

## C H O R U S.

Ah, poor Liberty! Old *English* Liberty!  
Genius of *England*, adieu!

## R E C I T A T I V E and A I R.

*By Mr. Shampless, the Trunk-Maker, To the Rumbling of Carts,  
Coaches, and Broad-wheel Waggon.*

Oh! I could tear their Houses down;  
Aye that I would for Half a Crown;  
I'd make 'em start, and stare, and wonder,  
To hear my *Stentorific* Thunder!

## A I R.

*(Tune, Cover me with Ice and Snow.)*

Ah it is a fatal Blow,  
And a dismal Overthrow;  
Never was a Scene of Woe,  
Like what we undergo.

## D U E T T A.

*By Mr. Shagger, and Miss Put-here, Quearists.*  
*(Accompanied by the Hurdy-Gurdy.)*

*(Tune, In Infancy our Hopes, &c.)*

When fair Success began to smile,  
And spread her chearing Rays;  
Each Hero wou'd not the Spoil,  
But fought in Hopes of Bays:  
Yet Victory was all in vain,  
( 'Twas just like Childrens' Play )  
The S--t--sh Friends of *France* and *Spain*,  
Have giv'n it all away.

## R E C I T A T I V E.

By Mr. Low, *the High-wayman.* \*

(*Accompanied with the Clinking of Fetters.*)

Shall Villains kill or rob in State,  
And fordid seek their Country's Fate,  
Because forsooth they're rich and great? }  
While such as I are hang'd in Air,  
For *only* putting Folks in Fear!

A I R.

(Tune, *Since Laws were made for ev'ry Degree.*

If Rascals were punish'd of ev'ry Degree,  
For robbing their Country, or taking a Fee,  
What a Heap of S----h Faces we daily should see,  
Under Tyburn Tree?

But *Favour* can take out the Stain from a Coat,  
E'en the Blood of a King who was sold for a Groat;  
For *that* they will say was a trifling Fault; ---  
But d----n their Plea.

\* *Macheath.*

## R E C I T A T I V E.

*By Mrs. Vixen-t, (Termagant.)**To the Clack of a Mill.*

Like to the Clack of this same Mill,  
 They ne'er shall make my Tongue lye still ;  
 May Rage and Clamour never cease  
 To make a *Noise* about the *Peace*.

## A I R.

*(Tune, Harvest-Home.)*

✓ Come *Nelly* and *Moll*,  
 Come *Susan* and *Doll*,  
 Each *Termagant* raise up your Voice :  
 Let us rave, let us squall,  
 Let us bellow and bawl,  
 And make a most damnable *Noise*.

## C H O R U S.

No *Peace* shall there be,  
 For them nor for me,  
 So let's have a *damnable Noise* !  
*Damnable Noise* !  
*Damnable Noise* !  
 So let's have a *damnable Noise* !

R E C I -

R E C I T A T I V E.

By Mr. Quaker, *the singing Baker*, and Mr. Legg-it.

By all the Gods I'll make 'em *shake!*  
Their Lips to *quaver* and to *quake!*  
I'll shew myself a Subject true:  
Ha, Master *Legg-it*, What say you?

Mr. *Legg-it*.

As long as I've a *Leg* to stand on,  
I never will the Cause abandon.

A M B O.

(Tune, *With Swords on their Thighs.*)

To Liberty raise up the high chearful Strain,  
We ne'er can forget, tho' we can't her regain,  
How charming she look'd with her Shield and her Spear!  
A Friend to the Stranger, a Stranger to Fear.

*Da Capo.*

R E C I T A T I V E.



RECITATIVE and AIR.

*By Miss Cat-ly, and Miss Squallam.*

*(Accompanied by the Cat-Organ,)*

Ye catterwauling Tribe each Night,  
Disturb their Slumber, wake 'em quite :  
Your *Bass* and *Treble* Pipes prepare,  
And harrow up their Souls with Fear.

A I R.

*(Tune, Mingetti's Minuet.)*

Straight with bawling !  
Squealing, squalling !  
Ne'er your hellish Music cease :  
With eternal  
Strains infernal !  
Tell 'em they shall have no *Peace*.

*Da Capo.*

GRAND CHORUS, *accompanied by the whole Band.*

No *Peace* shall there be,  
For them nor for me,  
So let's have a damnable Noise :  
Damnable Noise !  
Damnable Noise !  
So let's have a damnable Noise.

*Da Capo.*

I N I S.





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